

THE MISSISSIPPI CREOLE.

N. MONTGOMERY, Publisher.

"FOR THE TRUTH AND THE RIGHT."

J. L. MITCHELL, Editor.

CANTON, MISSISSIPPI, FRIDAY, JANUARY 26, 1849.

Number 20.

N. HERNDON,
Attorney at Law,
Madison County, Mississippi
the room above the Post Office.
after attend the Circuit Courts
of Attala, Leake, Madison
and Holmes. Business en-
his care will receive his zealous
11, 1848. 6m

T. H. THOMPSON,
Tailor.
office formerly occupied by
Calhoun, where he is pre-
all kinds of work in his line
at prices to suit the times.
is the road to wealth.
Clothing renovated.
June 16, '48. 40-6m

ESTLEY & MOSBY,
DEALERS IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES;
STUFFS, OILS, AND PAINTS;
GLASS AND PUTTY;
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, STATION-
ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.
sign of GOLDEN MORTAR,
CANTON, MI.

Read-Read It.
subscribers beg leave, most re-
fully, to thank their friends,
very generous, liberal, and sub-
erous extended them. They
their best exertions to merit a
of the same—and will be
serve their friends and the
heretofore, at their old stand,
the GOLDEN MORTAR, where
just received from New York
a FRESH and complete
of articles in their line.
PRIESTLEY & MOSBY
July 21, '48.

D. COLEMAN & CO.,
MISSION MERCHANTS,
Main Street, Fitchburg, MI.
STANTLY in Store and for sale,
Rope, Jaynes, Linseys,
Bacon, Pork, Flour, Lard,
Salt, Sugar, Coffee, Candles,
Nails, Spades, Shovels,
&c.
advanced on Cotton sent to us to
be "this" or the New Orleans
Aug. 28, 1848, 52-4m

J. HEARD,
DEALER IN
Dry Goods, Groceries
and Produce.
Canton, Miss.
I give particular attention to
receiving and forwarding cotton,
wool, &c. Just received Bag-
Rope, Kentucky Jeans and
Bacon, Lord, Sugar cured
and a general assort-
Produce.
10, 1848. 1y

L. H. DUNCAN,
Mission Merchant,
COMMON STREET,
NEW ORLEANS, LA.
4, 1848. 47-1y

WALK IN!
GEORGE BAGBY
opened his saloon in the Canton
Hotel, where he is ready and an-
accommodate all his friends, and
with a comfortable shave, at
reasonable hours.
Curtains and Dressing done in
most genteel style, and to
satisfaction of every reasonable per-
son.
16, 1848.

Pay Up.
the notes and accounts trans-
ferred to me by Eichelstein & Co.
dollars, now in the posses-
T. C. Tupper, Esq., will be plac-
in the hands of Justice of the Peace
if not paid before the 10th of
January.
JOSEPH JACOBS, Treas.
22, 1848. 3c

LOR & McCUTCHEN,
DEALERS IN DRUGS AND MEDICINES;
STUFFS, OILS, AND PAINTS;
GLASS AND PUTTY;
BOOKS, BLANK BOOKS, STATION-
ARTICLES, PERFUMERY, &c.
sign of GOLDEN MORTAR,
CANTON, MI.

There's Room Enough for All.
What need of all this fuss and strife,
Each warring with his brother?
Why should we, in the crowd of life,
Keep trampling down each other?
Is there no goal that can be won,
Without a squeeze to gain it?
No other way of getting on,
But scrambling to obtain it?
Oh, fellow-men, hear wisdom, then,
In friendly warning call—
"Your claims divide, the world is wide—
There's room enough for all!"

What if the swarthy peasant find
No fields for honest labor,
He need not idly stop behind,
To thrust aside his neighbor.
There is a land with sunny skies,
Which gold for toil is giving,
Where every brawny hand that tries
Its strength can grasp a living.
Oh, fellow-men, remember, then,
Whatever chance befall,
The world is wide—where those abide,
There's room enough for all!

From poisoned air ye breathe in courts,
And typhus tainted alleys,
Go forth and dwell where health resorts,
In fertile hills and valleys,
Where every arm that clears a bough
Finds plenty in attendance,
And every furrow of the plough
A step to independence,
Oh, harken, then, from fevered den,
And looking cramped and small;
The world is wide—in land beside
There's room enough for all!

The Fate of the "Foreign Legion."
BY H. G. CHIPMAN.

The morning of the 14th of September,
broke clear and calm over the dark and frow-
ing battlements of the Castle of Chapultepec.
The flag of the Mexicans streamed proudly
out from the ramparts, and waved in all its
gorgeousness to the gentle breeze which swept
along the plain. Shining bayonets and glisten-
ing sabres reflected back the sun's bright
rays and deep mounded cannon boomed out
upon the surrounding country, threatening
death and destruction to the advancing foe.
On they came, filing out column after col-
umn, from the suburbs of the little village of
Tacubaya, and sweeping like a tornado upon
the devoted ramparts. Suddenly, from the
batteries of the castle, a stream of flame and
smoke shot forth, and all along that lengthen-
ed line, the missiles of terror and death went
hand in hand, cutting down the noble and
brave, the good and generous, and—strewing
all in one mingled heap of gore and blood—
War, with all its blasting and desolating ef-
fects, was carrying grief and misery into man-
y a heretofore happy family, and striking
down the father and husband, the son and
brother, in terrible and bloody havoc, and
consigning them to one common and sorrow-
ing grave. While the faces of the wife and
sister at home were perhaps, wreathed in smiles,
that of the husband and brother was writhing
in the agony of death upon a foreign soil, and
breathing out life's last sigh amid the roar of
cannon and the rattle of muskets. The scenes
of that fearful and fatal morning will never be
forgotten.

But while this was transacting around Cha-
pultepec another and still more terrible scene,
was passing in the little town of Mexico, some
half a mile distant from Tacubaya. At the
battle of Churubusco, the deserters under Ri-
ley had been captured, and after an impartial
trial sentenced to be hung. They were known
by the title of the "Foreign Legion," and were
made up of men who had deserted from the
ranks of the Americans and joined the force
of the enemy. The day set for their execution
was the 14th of September—and it also hap-
pened that the attack upon Chapultepec took
place the same day.

The sun had just risen, and tinged the East
with his purple rays, as they were led forth to
die. Thirty in number, and surrounded by
a strong body of men, they advanced with
slow steps towards the gallows, the muffled
drum sending forth its solemn death notes, and
giving to the whole the appearance of a mili-
tary funeral, rather than a public execution.
They were arranged under the gallows, which
was one erected for the purpose—being nothing
more than two large posts set firmly in the
ground, across the top of which was placed
a pole of sufficient length to admit the bodies
of thirty men. Beneath it the prisoners
were arranged, with a noose around their
necks—the other end of the rope being thrown
over the pole, and grasped by three or four
stout men, ready at a moment's warning to
launch them into eternity. A gloomy silence
prevailed the spot, and as they gazed upon the
group collected there, they found no sym-
pathizing glance in the scowling faces and glar-
ing eyes which were fixed upon them. They
had destroyed the last feeling of respect felt for
them, when they took up arms against their

own countrymen. The usual dark brow of
Col. H—y, who superintended the exe-
cution, was contracted by a deep frown and
his deep grey eyes twinkled vaguely in their
sockets as he galloped up to the spot,
and reined in his smoking charger beside
them.

"Is all ready, Lieutenant?" he asked of an of-
ficer who commanded the guard.
"Every thing," replied the officer.
"Then let them swing," was the savage re-
ply.

The Lieutenant turned and advanced to-
ward the prisoners, when suddenly the eye of
the Colonel fell upon the castle, and the dead-
ly roar of the artillery reached his ear.

"Lieutenant," he suddenly exclaimed with
startling energy in his voice.

"Aye, sir," replied the officer, returning.

"Have every thing ready, but don't draw them
up until the American flag waves out from
the flag-staff of Chapultepec castle."

"Aye, sir, it shall be done," and the Lieuten-
ant returned to the gallows.

"If we ain't hung until the castle is taken
by the Americans, we shall live a good long
life yet," suddenly exclaimed one of the pris-
oners, under the beam.

"Then live you shall, for till the Star-Span-
gled Banner waves in victory over your cas-
tle, you shall not die," replied Col H—y, sternly.

"Hurrah! boys; we'll live a long life yet. Old
Bravo! the man to stick to the castle as long
as there's a shot in the locker, or a man to
stand by him," replied the fellow, with a
shout.

All eyes were now fixed with a deep inten-
sity upon the heights—and galling was the ag-
ony of suspense which they endured between
the moments which elapsed during the terri-
ble contest which was going on around the
castle hill. Suddenly the flag of the Mexi-
cans went down amid the strife, and the Col-
onel shouted.

"There goes the enemy's banner, the castle is
won."

"And there goes the flag back again; go it
old Bravo," shouted another of the Legion, as
the Mexican flag rose to the top of the staff,
and waved to the breeze.

A muttered ejaculation escaped the lips
of the Colonel, and each one again fixed his
eyes upon the scene. The contest raged on
with unabated vigor, and in a few moments
the brow of the hill was hidden from sight by
the dark cloud of smoke which hung thick around
it. A half hour passed, and as a strong wind
swept down the plain and lifted the smoke
from off the height, the enemy's flag had again
disappeared from the staff. A moment of
deep anxiety followed, and the American ban-
ner was up the staff and floated proudly over
the battlement.

"Up with them," thundered the deep voice
of the Colonel; and the next moment thirty hu-
man beings were swinging in the last agonies
of death from the gallows, and as they quivered
in the rising sun-beams which glanced along the
plain, no looks of sympathy fell upon their
deserted features, for all considered that they
richly deserved their fate.

Such, reader, was the fate of the "Foreign
Legion."

Meeting of Mr. Clay and Gen. Taylor.

Our readers are aware that Henry Clay, (a
name that requires no preface) has been so-
journing in Natchez some days past.—He ar-
rived in this city yesterday, in the steamboat
Princess. When the Princess stopped at Bat-
on Rouge, the passengers, among whom was
Mr. Clay, were all sitting at dinner. It hap-
pened that Gen. Brooke and Col. Taylor were
coming down to the city, and concluding to
take the Princess, they came aboard, accom-
panied by Gen. Taylor. As the General passed
by the dinner table, he recognized Mr. Clay
and bowed to him; but Mr. Clay not appearing
to recognize him, a gentleman at the table re-
marked, "Mr. Clay, that is Gen. Taylor."

"Is it?" ejaculated Mr. Clay with surprise
and pleasure, in his countenance, and im-
mediately leaving his dinner, walked into the so-
cial hall, and with that frankness and earnest-
ness characteristic of him, extended his hand
to the General, who grasped it very warmly and
shook it very energetically.

"Why General," pleasantly remarked Mr.
Clay, "you have grown out of my recollec-
tion."

"You can never grow out of mine," was the
ready response of the General, whose counte-
nances beamed with warm regard, and whose
good-natured wrinkles, almost obscured his
bright and benevolent eyes.

"I congratulate you, General, upon your
election to the Presidency; and I hope your ad-
ministration may be as successful and glorious
as your military career," remarked Mr. Clay.

"I thank you Mr. Clay, but I am not Presi-
dent yet,—"

Here Mr. Clay perceiving that the General's
modesty was about to get the better of him,
broke in with some playful remark, which led
to a general and most agreeable conversation
between the two distinguished gentlemen.

The captain of the Princess, not wishing to
interrupt so pleasant a reunion of two old
friends, detained the boat for some time. Fi-
nally, however, the General and Mr. Clay par-
ted, with expressions of mutual esteem, and a
hope that they might meet again.

We are not informed whether Mr. Clay re-
sumed his dinner which had been thus inter-
rupted by the appearance of Gen. Taylor; but
if he did not, and lost it—or if he did, and found
it was cold, we think the circumstance might
be reconciled with many similar events of

much greater importance in his previous history.

The great orator and statesman arrived in
our city yesterday. He has grown thinner, but
apparently no older than when, more than a
year ago, he participated with the citizens in
celebrating the brilliant victories of our arms
in Mexico. We trust he may be warmly re-
ceived by the people. In times past, when he
seemed the fixed choice of a large portion of
the people for the Presidency, the name of his
friends in this city was legion. We trust for
the credit of our people, that now, when his
claim to popular esteem rest upon his distin-
guished public services, his great talents, and
his warm patriotism, the number of his friends
will not be reduced, nor the ardor of their ad-
miration cooled.—No Delta.

A SCENE IN THE OHIO LEGISLATURE

The Ohio State Journal give the following
report of a scene that occurred in the Ohio
Legislature at the time the Speaker announced
that Ford was elected Governor:

While this announcement was being made
which was done in the midst of a tremendous
tumult on the left side of the Hall.

Mr. Archbold, shaking his fist, his head
and his body at the Speaker, was proclaiming
at the top of his voice "You're a perfidious
scoundrel—a scoundrel, sir!"

Mr. Whitman, advancing towards the Speak-
er's seat, and shaking his fist at that officer.—
"Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker, I
order you, sir, I command you, sir, in the name
of the people, to stop, to come down from that
desk! You have violated your oath, sir; you
are a miserable coward! You're a purjured
villain!" He then turned to the clerk's desk,
and threateningly commanded them to make
no entry of the Speaker's declarations.

It is impossible to describe the excitement
and confusion in which the whole of the pro-
ceedings were transacted. The left side of the
house on their feet, and aiding in the uproar,
and the gestures, attitudes, exclamations and
ejaculations of the parties, made a picture
which can only be conveyed by the skillful
pencil of men under the influence of the most
excited passion.

During this scene, and while Messrs. Whit-
man, Archbold and other Senators were
hurting their anathemas and oaths at the Speak-
ers, the officer commanded that

The Convention had accomplished the pur-
pose for which it was convened, the Senators
will now retire to their chamber.

The Senators then left the Hall.

Mr. Mott. I move the Speaker call the
House to order, now that we have got rid of
these disorderly Senators.

Speaker. The House will come to order.
Mr. Monfort, (flourishing his cane over the
Clerk's desk) Order, hell order hell!

Speaker, rapping violently upon his desk.
Order, order.

Mr. Monfort. Order HELL!

The Speaker continued crying order, until
order being for a moment restored, a motion
for a recess was made and carried, and
The House took a recess.

THE PLANTERS' ASSOCIATION.—The Planters'
Association of Lafayette county, Miss., accord-
ing to previous appointment, assembled at
Harrisburg Camp Ground, in this county, on
the 3d inst. A respectable number of Planters
were in attendance, various subjects of vital
importance to the farming community were
discussed at length before the association, and
among them was the subject of the Planters of
this county purchasing two or more steamboats
to ply upon the Tallapoosa river, to be com-
menced for the purpose of carrying off the
produce of the country. Also the subject of
erecting manufactories in this county was ably
discussed. Two gentlemen in the Association
offered to take stock to the amount of
\$10,000 each, in the erection of a manufactory
in this county, one gentleman who is now ab-
sent we learn, has it in contemplation to com-
mence the work on his return and will himself
advance \$50,000.

We are much gratified to see our planters
becoming awakened to this important subject.
—Oxford Organist.

Affairs at the Capital.
WASHINGTON, Jan. 6, 1849.

The apprehensions which I expressed in a
recent letter, concerning the confirmation of
Mr. Cass as Charge d'Affaires to Rome, were
verified by the action of the Senate yesterday,
and by the causes which I had indicated as
likely to influence the result. After an im-
portant and arduous debate, in which the im-
propriety of the appointment, and the incom-
petency of the nominee, were urged on one
side and opposed on the other, the power of
party prevailed, and he was confirmed, by 20
yeas to 24 nays. There were eight absentees,
viz: Calhoun, Rensselaer Johnson, Mangum,
Webster, Greene, Hamlin, Jefferson Davis, and
Mr. Hannegan. The last two paired off, Mr.
Davis being adverse, and Mr. Hannegan say-
ing in favor of the nomination. Of the eight ab-
sentees, seven were known to be hostile to the
confirmation, and one in favor of it; consequently,
had the Senate been full, there would have
been 17 yeas for rejection, and 29 yeas for ap-
pointment. Mr. Cass is solely indebted to the
influence of his party, and to the influence of the
administration, together with the fortunate ab-
sence of the Senators named, for the distinction
which has been conferred upon him.

Thursday, when this case was under consid-
eration, a vote was taken which saved it from
being laid on the table, by a bare majority of
one.—N. F. Courier.

The Tennessee Squire
OF THE DEBUTANTES

There flourished for many years in a certain
village in the good State of Tennessee, an ec-
centric fellow, who rejoiced in the name of
Peter Irard; for many years he filled the im-
portant office known in various parts of the
Union as Magistrate, Alderman, or Justice of
the Peace. The following is a sample of
Squire Irard's mode of proceeding.

"A gentleman by the name of McMurren
was riding through C—, where his horse
lost a shoe. For replacing it, the blacksmith,
whose name Enos Bildo, charged the cool sum
of an eagle—or rather two sovereigns. Natu-
rally indignant, our traveller refused to pay
such an exorbitant demand, and he was ar-
rested at the suit of the son of Vulcan. There
being no other resource, Mr. McMurren, was
escorted to the Magistrate's office, back of the
bar.

After being introduced into the most august
presence of the Squire, and the charges stated,
the following dialogue occurred.

"Well, sir, what is your name?"
"McMurren, sir."

"Humph, McMurren, no other name?"
"John McMurren, sir."

"No other Mr. Burton—no alias?"
"Of course I have not, sir—I have no need
of one."

"Where do you live, Mr. Carrion?"
"My name ain't Carrion—I told you it was
McMurren."

"Well, Mr. Morton, did you make any bar-
gain for shoeing your horse?"
"No sir."

"Then, Mr. Burton, you acted, sir, excuse
me—like a fool."

"I don't come here to be insulted, sir, and
no man shall so talk to me," cried poor Mac.

"I know you did not Mr. Fulton—keep si-
lence, sir, or I'll fine you.—You acted, sir—
don't contradict me—like a perfect fool; and
let this be a warning, sir, never to trust such
a scoundrel as Enos Bildo (the smith) further
than you can sling a bull by the tail. Sir,
[to the plaintiff]—I mean you—you skunk
You'd steal the coppers off your dead mother's
eyes, you poor no souled hog. The sentence
of this court is, that you, Enos Bildo, shall have
two times for your work, which is all its
worth, and if you say another word, I'll knock
you down. Clear this court."

Fully satisfied with this verdict, and highly
amused with his adventure, Mac went on his
way.

The Gold Fever in New York
"How is your health?" said we to a bilious
looking friend that we met, after missing him
for some time.

"Twenty-three carats fine."

"Your health?" said we again.

"Worth sixteen dollars an ounce."

We said nothing more, and left him, perfect-
ly well convinced that he was troubled with
the "California fever."

"What's the price of United States stock?"
said we to a celebrated Wall street broker—we
jostled against a moment after.

"Thirteen pounds of pure gold in one
lump!"

"New York sixes?"

"Perfectly inexhaustible, and more mines
discovered."

We trembled for the few shares we posses-
sed, and passed on. Presently we came across
a famous divine, who preached every Sunday
against the greedy thirst for gold and mam-
mon.

"That was a noble discourse of yours last
Sunday, Doctor. If we remember aright the
text was, 'It is easier for a camel to pass
through the eye of a needle, than for a rich
man to enter into the kingdom of God.'"

"Establish a mint, sir—establish a mint—
I've already sent out two sons and four neph-
ews; and we're to share and share alike!"

"The text, Doctor—the text."

"That be—thunders! The standard val-
ue of doubloons is sixteen dollars. A doub-
loon is an ounce. Thirteen pounds of gold
make"—

"We did not wait to hear the divine's an-
swer, nor was it necessary; he had got the vi-
cious fever.—Sunday Times.

How the Natural Allies act.
Gov. Whitcomb, democrat was recently elec-
ted by the democratic Legislature of Indiana,
Senator of the United States, in place of Mr.
Hannegan, also a democrat. A brief history
of the transaction may be productive of good.

The reason why Hannegan was defeated is to
be found in the fact that he refused to give a
positive pledge to vote against the introduction
of slavery in the territories. His democratic
opponent, Whitcomb, gave the required pled-
ge without hesitation. He was elected. The
action of the Indiana democrats shows plainly
what sort of allies they would be in time of
emergency.

Here is an extract from Mr. Hannegan's let-
ter.

"In answer to the first interrogatory, I have no
hesitation in saying that Congress does possess
the power under the constitution, of prohib-
iting slavery in the territories of California and
New Mexico, in any other territory, within
the common property of the confederacy."

In reply to your second interrogatory, more-
over, I feel equally free to say that it involves
only a question of public policy. Congress has
not the power to introduce, or rather
to establish slavery within these territories.

If it is contended by any that such a power
does exist, I must confess that I am unable to

discover the source from which it is drawn.—
Upon all questions of this character, I have es-
tablished my final action open and liable to the
control of circumstances.

In making the pledge you require, I should
be completely hampered, and in such a way as
might leave me the subject of an awkward di-
lemma. It might bring me directly in conflict with
the duty of the Representative, to obey the in-
structions of his constituency; a duty which I
have ever held as a cardinal point of political
faith. These instructions to be binding, must
be given by a majority. Upon the subject in-
volved, in all its bearings, should I be elected
Senator for the ensuing term, I shall be govern-
ed by the instructions of the Legislature of In-
diana, whose will it will be my pleasure to car-
ry out in earnestness and good faith."

Gov. Whitcomb's replies are brief and to
the point. He says:

It is incontrovertible that slavery there or
elsewhere cannot exist without the sanction of
law. I further believe that Congress can con-
stitutionally pass such an organic law as will
in their operation, prevent the passage of any
such law by the government of the territory.

It follows then, that Congress can, in my judg-
ment, constitutionally prevent the introduction
of slavery into these territories.

In relation to your second question, I will
add that, still viewing slavery as I did nearly
twenty years ago, in a report made in the Leg-
islature of our State, as a drawback upon any
country, I would, if a member, use my influ-
ence and vote, for a passage of a law of the
kind referred to—that is to say, a law which
will operate to eventually prevent the intro-
duction of slavery into these territories."

The Legislative comments on the two texts
given, are to be found in the vote for U. S.
Senator at the election which took place on the
14th ult. The vote was as follows:

Whitcomb	74	Smith, (whig)	53
Hannegan	15	Marshall,	1
Law,	2	Blank,	3

Supreme Court—Congress.
The following is from the Washington cor-
respondent of the New York Courier:

WASHINGTON, Jan. 3d, 1849.

Dorrism has at length received its quietus,
and in a form, from which it can never hope to
recover. Chief Justice Taney, delivered the
opinion of the Supreme Court today, upon the
case of Martin Luther, vs. L. M. Borden, et al.
on a writ of error from Rhode Island. The
following points were ruled:

1. That whether the new government at any
time displaced the Charter government, is a
political question and not a judicial one.

2. That the Charter government having at
no time recognized the new government, but
denounced it as revolutionary and treasonable,
and not only opposed it by military force, but
prosecuted and convicted Gov. Dorr, the leader
of the movement, under the original law of
the State—in which case, and in others, the
Charter government was sustained by the
Courts of Rhode Island, and that the federal
courts, under an established rule of decision,
follow the State tribunal on questions arising
under its own law.

3. That the recognition of the chartered gov-
ernment by the President of the United States,
in expressing a willingness to aid it, if neces-
sary, in putting down the insurrection, by the
power of the Union as provided by the consti-
tution, is of itself, conclusive on the judicial
power of the Union.

4. That the Legislature of Rhode Island had
power to establish martial law, and to author-
ize the acts to be done, complained of as a
trespass by the plaintiff.

6. The judgment of the circuit court was
affirmed, which sustains the chartered govern-
ment.

The opinion was able, clear and conclusive
and received the entire concurrence of the
court, with the exception of Judge Woodbury
who dissented to the fourth point, and main-
tained that the State had no power to declare
martial law. This doctrine seemed to come
with a bad grace from one who has been a
professed stickler for state sovereignty, and
who has followed the Southern school of con-
structionists, to the ultima thule of their mad
metaphysics. But the disagreement on this
point may be pardoned, in consideration of its
whole tendency being rather political than ju-
dicial, for Judge Woodbury has not yet telin-
quished his presidential aspirations.

We doubt whether any people on earth are
so happy at their work as the French. Even
the most menial offices are performed with a
cheerfulness as pleasant as it is remarkable.
A friend mentions to us, that hearing one
morning a good deal of laughing and frolicking
in the hall of the Parisian Inn where he lodged,
he opened his door and looked out to ascer-
tain the cause. The servants, male and fe-
male together, were washing the tessellated
pavement of the hall, with brushes strapped to
their feet like skates. There they were full
of glee, dancing upon a surface of soap and
water, setting to, balancing, posturing and
chacqueing—turning to mirth all things on
earth, as only Frenchmen can.

Gen. Cass's Lecture.—General Cass is said
to be amusing himself with delivering lec-
tures to his fellow citizens, and the Republican
think this to be no more than fair. They gave
him a lecture on the 7th No-
vember, full of valuable admonition, on the
vanity of human hopes and the ups and downs
of political life.

Iowa Senator.—A. C. Dodge has been
re-elected to the U. S. Senate from Iowa, for
years from the 3d of Mar.